April 1934

52 T S. Monday 19

Would you send this on to Julian?
I've forgotten his new address.

We are coming down on
Sunday, I hope to see you before we
start for Ireland on Wednesday.

B.

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

Wednesday.

Leonard is having asparagus, & may send you some.

195

April 1934

I asked March to deliver the cup, what I hope will reach you.
Please write, addressed to 52. Have you had forwarded.
What did the dr. say about Quentin?
We're just off, & so far it is fine, but why lack the herb channel?
I enclose a letter which may amuse you — Servants psychology. I want answer.
So farewell good Dolph: & don't forget you poor dear Lupe. I'll write from Ireland.

V.

DUNRAVEN ARMS,
ADARE.

199

4 PM
4 MAY
34

Mrs. Clive Bell
Charleston
Firle
Lewes
Sussex
England

1934

190a

Glenbrith Thursday
Kerry May 4th

We only got the Times yesterday & read about George. Well, there is nothing much to be said at this distance, in the wilds of Kerry. Poor old creature – I wonder what happened – why he was at Renhewath. But I must wait till I see you, unless you've had the charity to write. Did you go to the funeral? I've just written great labours compared a letter to Margaret. Now suppose this had happened 30 years ago, it would have seemed very odd to take it so calmly. As a matter of fact I feel more affection for him now than I did 10 years ago. In fact I think he had a touch of holy unsane quality – I can't quite make out what – about family & food & so on. But your memoir so flooded me with horror that I can't be pure minded on the subject. I hope to goodness somebody went to the service – I wish I had been able to.

But here we are a great deal

further & milder than often Italy & Greece. We
only see birds, now & then; there are no
flowers, only an occasional small fishing village
& an ill chayed ill plan, all our letters have
gone wrong. We even here chance to found
a copy of the Times lying about.
We have had a most garrulous time: he
never stop talking. We birds are the most
gifted of people in that line. After dinner the
innkeeper comes in & sits down & talks
till bedtime, perfect English, much more amusing
than any London society, & after the innkeeper,
NYPL
as above last night, then the other
guests of those are any. They all make bosom
friends at once, & we're already committed
practically, to buy a house at Glenfarcliff.
It's a mixture of Italy Greece & Cornwall: I
suppose two romantic in parts; but extremely
subdued Grey, brown, yellow, an occasional
Donkey. absolutely deserted, not a house
even to be seen, no gentry, everybody
lamenting, because no body comes anymore,
& the gentry have all ~~the~~ fled. I daresay

196b

it would be too depressing to live in, but after Jarvey I find it heavenly, & so far we have only had one bad day. We spent a night with the Bowens, where, to our horror we found the Connollys – a less appetising pair I have never seen out of the Zoo, & the apes are considerably preferable to Cyril. We had the cats & a golliwog & they brought the rest of Chelsea with them. However Elizabeth was very nice, & her husband, though absorbed. This an 18th Century house, but the remarkable thing about Ireland is that [here Mrs. Fitzgerald the landlady broke in for another on-going conversation: she has given me a receipt for Pierpoint Onion soup] there is no architecture of any kind: all the cottages are hideous; built entirely of slate in the year 1850: so Elizabeth's home was merely a great stone box, but full of Italian mantelpieces, decayed 18th Century furniture, & carpets all in holes — however they insist upon keeping up a ramshackle kind of shabby dressing for dinner, so on. — Lord!

1966

this is all very dull, but sanctity has seized
upon me too. Now I must — obey out
the Ocean Voyage, — then we pack & go on
to a place called Cedars, & so to Dublin
& we shall be back on Wednesday.

How is my dear dolphin? I feel that I
have been away a hundred years —
clipped in the depths of the sea & anything
may have happened

Leonard says Laura is the one we
could have spared.

So goodbye & let me know
when we can meet.

B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/64

197

DUNRAVEN ARMS

STATION : ADARE ½ MILE.
TELEGRAMS :
TELEPHONE : 9.

HOTEL.

ADARE.

1934

Friday 6th May

Your letter has just reached me. Well well, I pray to God you may have written an account of the funeral which I shall find at Dublin:

But this letter, written in a hurry as we're just off, is on business.

Don't you think that it would be much more sensible to let me give you £100 to buy a new car? It seems to me silly to have the old one mended, if it won't be really good. I trust to you to be honest on the matter. What I suggest is that you & Duncan should let

We send you this as a joint
birthday present. I am much
better off than I expected, owing
to Flush. & it would be a
great pleasure to think of you
attending family funerals in
style.

I'm in a rush, as we are
just starting in pouring rain
for Galway.

But I trust to your common
sense & hope you will
order the car at once.

B.

HARRIS 2/10/64

Tuesb
1934

200

Monks House

Wednesday

God! What an utter curse!
It seems to me that Mrs. Curtis might have
kept Angelica, & let her have it there,
& then there might be arrangements at school.
However, I suppose there was some reason
against it. Also Quentin might be
lodged at Tilton! — but I suppose
this also was considered. I believe
I've had it — didn't that relieve doctor at
Welwyn wear I had! But you have it.
As I say, one can only come for the
school system.
Anything that happens: I'll let me know
I'm alone here today, & I have gone up
to a meeting in London. ( ) with Dolphin
were sitting with me. I've not yet

been to any of the theatres, operas, but we have
tickets for Friday & with luck I may
persuade L. to go tomorrow.
My only news is domestic — Annie is getting
married to a man called Penlold, which is
a damned bore; but they say she must take her
chance of getting, though she doesn't seem to know
much about him, except that he painted her
cottage & breeds rabbits. So we shall
probably have an empty cottage & want a
cook — I had rapier thoughts of Grace: but
I suppose she would be too difficult.
Quentin came to tea yesterday. He
looks amazingly well, large, & we had a
good gossip. Like old crones. Certainly he is a
most charming brat, & I daresay will do us
all credit. He hopes to wangle a ticket for the
opera out of Clive; I suppose Jane has all sewn
tights on Strachey. I'm keeping clear of all
hotheadedness, but no doubt we'll go tomorrow &
shall land myself with some undesirables
Anyhow I shall look out for you on Friday.
We shall come back on Sunday.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68